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From Arthur's Home Journal.

CONFESSIONS OF A HOUSE-KEEPER.

BY MRS. JOHN SMITH.

A CONVENIENT DISTANCE.

There are few of us who do not feel, at some time in life, the desire for change. Indeed change of place, corresponding as it does, in outward nature, to change of state in the mind, it is not at all surprising that we should, now and then, feel a strong desire to remove from the old and get into new locations, and amid different external associations. Thus we find, in many families, an ever recurring tendency to removal. Indeed, I have some housekeeping friends who are rarely to be found in the same house, or in the same part of the city in any two consecutive years. Three moves, Franklin used to say, is equal to a fire. There are some to whom I could point, who have been, if this holds true, as good as burnt out, three or four times in the last ten years.

But I must not write too long a preface to my story. Mr. and Mrs. Smith and myself cannot boast of a larger organ of Inhabitativeness—I believe that is the word used by phrenologists—than many of our neighbors. Occasionally we have felt dissatisfied with the state of things around us, and become possessed of the demon of change. We have moved quite frequently, sometimes attaining superior comfort, and sometimes, getting rather the worst of it for 'the change.'

A few years ago, in the early spring time, Mr. Smith said to me one day:

'I noticed, in riding out yesterday, a very pleasant country house on the Frankfort Road, to let, and it struck me that it would be a fine thing for us both, as to health and comfort, to rent it for the summer season. What do do you think of it?'

'I always loved the country, you know,' was my response.

My heart had leaped at the proposition.

'It is such a convenient distance from the city,' said Mr. Smith.

'How far?'

'About four miles.'

'Do the stages pass frequently?'

'Every half hour; and the fare is only twelve and a half cents.'

'So low! That is certainly an inducement.'

'Yes, it is. Suppose we go out and look at the house.

'Very well,' said I. And then we talked over the pleasures and advantages that would result from a residence in the country at such a convenient distance from the city.

On the next day we went to look at the place and found much, both in the house and ground to attract us. There was a fine shaded lawn, and garden, with a stock of small and large fruit.

'What a delightful place for the children,' I exclaimed.

'And at such a convenient distance from the city,' said my husband. 'I can go in and out to business, and scarcely miss the time. But do you think you would like the country?'

'O yes. I've always loved the country.'

'We can move back into the city when the summer closes,' said Mr. Smith.

'Why not remain here permanently?'

'It will be too expensive to keep both a city and country house,' I returned.

'It will be too dreary through the winter.'

'I don't think so. I always feel cheerful in the country. And then, you know, the house is at such a convenient distance, and the stages pass the door at every hour. You can get to business as easily as if we resided in the city.'

I was in the mood for a change, and it so happened was Mr. Smith. The more we thought and talked about the matters, the more inclined were we to break up in the city, and go permanently to the country. And, finally, we resolved to try the experiment.

So the pleasant country house was taken, and the town house given up, and, in due time, we took our flight to where nature had just carpeted the earth in freshest green, and caused the buds to expand and the trees of the forest to clothe themselves in verdure.

How pleasant was everything. A gardener had been employed to put the garden and lawn in order, and soon we were delighted to see the first shoots from seeds that had been planted, making their way through the ground. To me all was delightful. I felt almost as light-hearted as a child, and never tired of expressing my pleasure at the change.

'Come and see us,' said I, to one city friend and another, on meeting them 'We're in a most delightful place, and at such a convenient distance from the city. Just get into the Frankfort omnibus, which starts from Hall's, in Second street above market, every half hour, and you will come to the very door.—And I shall be so delighted to have a visit from you.'

In moving from the city, I took with me two good domestics, who had lived in my family for over a year. Each had expressed herself as delighted at the prospect of getting into the country, and I was delighted to think they were so well satisfied, for I had feared lest they would be disinclined to accompany us.

About a month after our removal, one of them who had looked dissatisfied about something, came to me and said—

'I want to go back to the city, Mrs. Smith, I don't like living in the country?'

'Very well,' I replied. 'You must do as you please. But I thought you preferred this to the city.'

'I thought I would like it, but I don't. It's too lonesome.'

I did not persuade her to stay. That error I had once or twice, ere this, fallen into, and learned to avoid it in future. She went back to the city, and I was left but with a single girl. Three days only elapsed before this one announced her intended departure.

'But you will stay,' said I, 'until I can get some one in your place.

'My week will be up on Saturday,' was replied, 'Can you get a girl by that time?'

'That leaves me only two days, Hannah; I'm afraid not.'

Hannah looked unamiable enough at this answer. We said no more to each other. In the afternoon, I went to the city to find a new domestic, if possible, but returned unsuccessful.

Saturday came, and to my surprise and trouble, Hannah persisted in going away. So I was left, with my family of six persons, without any domestic at all.

Sunday proved to me anything but a day of rest. After washing and dressing the children,—preparing breakfast, clearing away the table, making the beds and putting the house in order, I set about getting dinner. This meal finished and eaten, and the dishes washed and put away, I found myself not only completely tired out, but suffering from a most dreadful headache. I was lying down, about four o'clock, in a half waking and sleeping state, with my head a little easier, when my husband, who was sitting by the window, exclaimed—

'If there isn't Mr. and Mrs. Peters and their three children, getting out of the stage!'

'Not coming here!' said I, starting up in bed, while, at the same moment, my headache, returned with a throbbing intensity that almost blinded me.

'Yes, coming here,' replied Mr. Smith.

'How unfortunate!' came from my lips; as I clasped my hands to my temples.

Now, Mr. and Mrs. Peters were people for whom we had no particular friendship. We visited each other scarcely once a year, and had never reciprocated an evening to tea. True, I had, on the occasion of meeting Mrs. Peters, about a week before, while stopping in the city, said to her, while praising my new country home.

'You must come and see me sometime during the summer.'

The invitation was intended as a compliment more than anything else. I didn't particularly care about a visit from her; and certainly had no idea that she would take me at my word.—So much for incincerity.

'Go down and ask them into the parlor,' said I to Mr. Smith. I will dress myself and join you in a little while.'

In about half an hour I left my room, feeling really quite unwell. I found my visitors walking in the garden, and their children ranging about like wild colts, to the particular detriment of choice shrubbery and garden beds.

'Oh, what a delightful place!' exclaimed Mrs. Peters, on my meeting her. I really envy you! You see that I have accepted your very kind invitation. I said to my husband to-day, says I, wouldn't it be nice to make the Smith's a visit this afternoon. They live at such a convenient distance; and it will be such a treat to the children. Well, just as you like, said Mr. Peters. And, so as soon as dinner was over, we get ready and come out. Oh, I'm delighted! What a sweet spot you have chosen. I shall come and see you often.'

And thus she run on, while I smiled, and responded with all due politeness, and to a certain extent, hypocritical pretence of pleasure at the visit.

They had come to spend the afternoon and take tea with us, of course, and, as the last stage went by at seven o'clock, I was soon under the necessity of leaving my guests, in order to engage in certain preliminary acts that looked towards an early supper. Oh, how my head did throb: and with what an effort did I drag my weary feet about!

But, the longest trial—the most painful ordeal, has an end; and the end of this came at length. Our visitors, after spending a few hours, and being served with tea, took their departure, assuring us, as they did so, that they had spent a delightful afternoon, and would be certain to come again soon.

In ten minutes after they had left the house I was in bed.

Two whole weeks elapsed before I succeeded in getting a girl: and six times during that period, we had friends out from the city to take tea with us: and one lady spent three whole days!

When the season of fruits came, as we had a few apple and pear trees, besides a strawberry bed and a fine row of raspberry bushes, our city friends, especially those who had children, were even more particular in their attentions. Our own children we could make understand the propriety of leaving the small fruit to be picked for table use, so that all could share in its enjoyment.—But visiters' children comprehended nothing of this, and rifled our beds and bushes so constantly that, although they would have given our table a fair supply of berries, in the season, we never once could get enough to be worth using, and so were forced to purchase our fruit in the city.

After a destructive visitation of this nature, during strawberry time, I said to Mr. Smith, as he was leaving for the city one morning—

'I wish you would take a small basket with you, and bring out two or three quarts of strawberries for tea. I've only tasted them once or twice, and it's hopeless to think of getting any from our garden.'

Well, when Mr. Smith came home with his two or three quarts of strawberries, we had six women and children visiters from the city to partake of them. Of course, our own children, who had been promised strawberries at tea time, and who had been looking for them, didn't get a taste.

And thus it happened over and over again.

As the weather grew warmer and warmer, particular friends, friends whom we were glad to see, and friends so called, into whose houses we had rarely if ever ventured, came out to get a 'mouthful of fresh air,' and to 'see something green.' We lived at 'such a 'convenient distance' that it was no trouble at all to run out and look at us.

Twice again during the summer, I was left without a single domestic.—Girls didn't like to leave the city, were they had been used to meeting their acquaintances every few days; and, therefore, it was hard to retain them. So it went on. I had poor help, and was overrun with company at such a rate that I was completely worn out. I rarely heard the rumble of the approaching stage that I did not get nervous.

Early in August, Mr. Smith said to me, one evening, after returning from the city—on that very morning a family of four had left me, after staying three days—

'I met Mr. Gray this afternoon, and he told me that they are coming out to see you tomorrow: That he was going away for awhile, and his wife thought that it would be such a pleasant time to redeem her promise of making you a visit.'

'Oh dear! What next!' I exclaimed, in a distressed. 'Is there to be no end to this?'

'Not before frost, I presume,' returned Mr. Smith meaningly.

'I wish frost would come quickly then,' was my response. 'But, how long is Mr Gray going to be absent from home?'

'He didn't say.'

'And we're to have his whole family, I suppose during his absence.'

'Doubtless.'

'Well, I call this taxing hospitality and good feeling a little too far. I don't want them here' I've no room for them without inconvenience to ourselves: Besides, my help is poor.'

But, all my feelings of repugnance were of no avail. As I was sitting, on the next day, by a window, that overlooked the road, I saw the stage draw up, and issue therefrom. Mr. Gray, Mrs. Gray, servant and five children—two of the latter twin-babies. They had boxes, carpet bags bundles &c., indicating a sojourn, and one little boy dragged after him a pet dog that came also to honor us with a visit.

Down to meet them at the door, with as good a grace as possible, I hurried. Words of welcome and pleasure were on my tongue, though I am not sure that my face did not belie my utterance. But, they were all too pleased to get into our snug country quarters, to perceive any drawback in their reception.

I will not describe for the reader my experience for the next three weeks—for Mr. Gray took the tour of the Lakes before returning; and was gone full three weeks, leaving his family to our care the whole time.

'Heaven be praised, that is over!' was my exclamation, when I saw the stage move off that bore them from our door.

Frost at length come, and with it expired the visiting season. We were still at a convenient distance from the city; but our friends, all at once seemed to have forgotten us.

'You are not going to move back, now,' said a friend, in surprise, to whom I mentioned, in the following March, our intention to return to the city.

'Yes I replied.

'Just as spring is opening? Why, surely, after passing the dreary winter in the country, you will not come to the hot and dusty town to spend the summer? You are at such a convenient distance, too; and your friends can visit you so easily.'

Yes, the distance was convenient; and we had learned to appreciate that advantage. But back to the city we removed; and, when next we venture to the country, will take good care to get beyond a convenient distance.

STORY OF THE KNOCKINGS.

A story of the "knockings" was told us recently, which we think too good to be lost and therefore give it a start.

In the Western portion of New York, the "spiritual manifestations" have created considerable excitement. Among the subjects of this excitement was a simple man, of middle age, whose bumps of marvellousness and reverence were equally large. He was, of course, superstitiously religious, and the knockings, of which he had taken eager occasion to be a witness, impressed him with the utmost awe.

The man's wife, however, was a very different kind of being. She scouted the "spirits" laughed at her husband, and took every occasion to rally him upon what she deemed his special weakness.

One morning, after the "old man" had been out to hear the knockings, the remembrance of which had stolen away a night's rest, he arose early, as was his wont, to make a fire. The wife was awake, and determined on having some fun. So raising herself on her elbow, she regarded her husband, not more than half dressed, certainly, as he kneeled at the stove, and abstractedly poked among the ashes.

The wife applied her knuckles to the head board of the bed: rap-rap-rap.

The victim started, with his hair on end, and peeped anxiously over the stove.

Rap-rap-rap!

He began to tremble, and anxiously faltered out, "Is this a spirit?"

Rap-rap-rap!

Does the spirit wish to communicate with me?

Rap-rap-rap!

Spirit art thou on an errand of mercy to me?

Rap-rap-rap!

Spirit what wilt thou have me to do?

"Make up that fire you infernal old fool you!" shouted his wife, with mingled mirth, anger and disgust, as the trembling husband turned around and saw the saucy creature, regarding him calmly, with eyes that entirely overshadowed the fear of spirits. He was mum.

HOW THEY GET MARRIED IN ILLINOIS. Mr. Henry Wheeler, of Greene County, and Minerva Steely, of Macrisson county, wanted to get married, but their friends didn't want them to. They drove 45 miles to Alton in order to escape this difficulty, but when they got there they found that the law sternly required a license, which could only be had from the County Clerk, who resided in another town. Not discouraged, they engaged a parson and jumped into a skiff, and were rowed over to a small bar in the river, directly opposite to Alton, where shortly after sunrise, in the state of Missouri, surrounded by water, isolated from the world and the "rest of mankind," but in the sight of the whole city, they solemnly plighted troth. They returned in a few minutes to the shore, they were welcomed with cheers by the assembled people.—*Boston Daily Mail.*

'I don't blame people for complaining about the extravagance and costiveness of government,' said Mrs. Partington as she was reading an ardent appeal to the people in a political newspaper—she always took an interest in politics after Paul was selected one year as candidate for Inspector. 'I don't blame him a mite. Here they are going to canvassing the State. Gracious me! as if the airth wasn't good enough for 'em to walk on. I wonder why they didn't have ile cloth or kidminster and done with it.' 'And I heard, aunt yesterday,' said Ike, 'that some of 'em were going to scour the country to get voters,'—'Well,' continued she, 'that would be better than throwing dust in the people's eyes, that Paul used to tell about. Canvassing the State indeed?' She fell into an abstraction upon the schemes of politicians, and took seven pinches of snuff in rapid succession to aid her deliberation.

[Boston Pathfinder.]

THE REMAINS OF JAMES THE SECOND.

The following curious account says a writer in the Notes and Queries, was given to me by Mr. Fitz Simons, an Irish gentlemen, upwards of eighty years of age, with whom I became acquainted when resident with my family at Toulouse, in September, 1840; he having resided in that city for many years as a teacher of the French and English languages, and had attended the late Sir William Follett in the former capacity there in 1817. He said: "I was a prisoner in Paris, in the Convent of the English Benedictines, in the Rue St. Jacques, during part of the Revolution. In the year 1793 or 1794 the body of King James II. of England was in one of the chapels there—where it had been deposited some time, under the expectation that it would one day be sent to England for interment in Westminster Abbey. It had never been buried. The body was in a wooden coffin, enclosed in a leaden one, and that again enclosed in a second wooden one, covered with black velvet. While I was a prisoner, the sans culottes broke open the coffins to get at the lead to cast into bullets. The body lay exposed nearly a whole day. It was swaddled like a mummy, bound tight with garters. The sans-culottes took out the body, which had been embalmed. There was a strong smell of vinegar and camphor. The corpse was beautiful and perfect; the hands and nails were very fine. I moved and bent every finger. I never saw so fine a set of teeth in my life. A young lady, a fellow prisoner, wished much to have a tooth; I tried to get out one for her, but could not, they were so firmly fixed. The feet also were very beautiful. The face and cheeks were just as if he were alive. I rolled his eyes; the eyeballs were perfectly firm under my finger. The French and English prisoners gave money to the sans-culottes for showing the body. They said he was a good sans-culotte, and that they were going to put him into a hole in the public churchyard like other sans culottes; and he was carried away—but where the body was thrown I never heard. King George IV. tried all in his power to get tidings of the body, but could not. Around the chapel were several wax moulds of the face hung up, made probably at the time of the king's death and the corpse was very like them. The body had been originally kept at the palace of St. Germains, whence it was brought to the Convent of the Benedictines. Mr. Portor, the prior, was a prisoner at the time in his own convent."

From the California Courier of Sept. 27th.

DEATH OF CAPT. BEZER SIMMONS.

We announce, with pain, this morning, the death of this estimable gentleman and enterprising merchant. He died at his residence in Happy Valley and his funeral takes place to-day.—Capt. Simmons was a skilful navigator, and for many years previous to the Americans taking possession of California, traded on this coast and on the coast of Lower California. A short time before the gold discovery, Capt. Simmons bought at a cheap rate, a large quantity of land in one of our richest valleys, and the year 1848 found him also in possession of what has since become immensely valuable city property. Commencing early in the gold excitement a large mercantile business, he was eminently successful, and was accounted one of the most fortunate merchants in California. But he met with reverses during the last six months such as to cause the sacrifice of the whole of his large property. Whatever opinion those who did not know Capt. Simmons may have of his high honors as a business man, we who know him intimately, believe that it was not his intention to wrong any one. But Capt. Simmons's pecuniary misfortune was not his only or worst one. Last winter, he carried home the body of a beautiful, amiable and affectionate wife, the sister of our esteemed friend, *Frederick Billings, Esq.*, and laid it in the quiet cemetery of her, and his native village, Woodstock, Vermont. We accompanied Capt. Simmons across the Isthmus, and perhaps know as well as any one out of his family circle, the grief which weighed upon his mind in consequence of his irreparable loss, and which no doubt, hastened his death.

That great Being, who "doeth all things well," and who hath afflicted the relatives and friends of the departed for some good purpose, hath taken him to himself; but their tears shall keep his memory green, while generosity of heart, affection, and sympathy for his fellow men, are recognized in this cold world as crowning virtues.

From the same of Sept. 28th.

FUNERAL OF CAPT. BEZER SIMMONS.—The funeral of Capt. Simmons took place yesterday, at his late residence in Happy Valley. The services were performed by Rev. Dr. Huddard of the Episcopal Church, and were solemn and impressive. The address of Dr. Huddard to the relatives and friends of the deceased, was very affecting, and drew tears from the eyes of many of those present. He dwelt with much pathos upon the acknowledged virtues of the deceased, and those of his loved wife, whom he trusted, he was gone join in the realms of light. But we should do injustice to the reverend gentleman, in attempting to give from memory, his eloquent address.

About two hundred of our citizens, mostly on foot, followed the body to the cemetery, about two miles distant, headed by a large number of gentlemen from Vermont, Capt. Simmons' native State. The body will be sent to Woodstock, Vermont, to be placed by the side of that of his much loved wife.

From the San Francisco Herald of Sept 27th.

TRIBUTE OF RESPECT TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN SIMMONS.—We are requested to state, that on to-morrow, commencing at 8 o'clock, A.M., the flags of the shipping in our harbor will be displayed at half mast, in respect to the memory of Captain Bezer Simmons. The intelligence of his death was not communicated to the ship-masters in proper season to permit such a public demonstration at his funeral on yesterday, as would accord with their feelings of esteem and regret for that lamented gentleman.

EXTRAORDINARY HUMAN CURIOSITIES.—A Mr. S. B. Knox has brought to Boston, a boy and girl of the Kaanas, a tribe of almost an extinct race of Central America. They are described in the papers of that city, as most singular looking creatures. The boy is 22 inches in height, and weighs 16 pounds, and about 10 years of age. The girl is 28 inches in height, and weighs 14 pounds and is supposed to be about 8 years of age. Their heads are not larger than a new born infant's, and they are almost destitute of foreheads, while their noses are finely developed—straight and long, and project at a well-defined angle. Their eyes are full, dark, and lustrous. Their heads are covered with strong dark hair, which descends forward nearly to the eyebrows. The face is very sharp, the upper lip projecting, and the chin receding in a corresponding degree.

Notwithstanding the almost entire absence of forehead, there is not in the profile view the least resemblance of the Simmia tribe. They are said to belong to the surviving remnant of an ancient order of priesthood, called Kaanas, which, by constant intermarriage within its own caste, has dwindled down to a few individuals, diminutive in stature and imbecile in intellect.—Their heads and faces resemble exactly the figures on the bas-reliefs on the temple ruins described in Stevens's Central America They are orphans, and at the close of the last war between two of the Aztec tribes, fell into the hands of a traveler named Hammond. They are lively, playful, and affectionate, but all attempts to teach them a word of English, have thus far proved unsuccessful. They occasionally utter a few gibberish sounds.—*N. Y. Eve. Post.*

THE FLYING MACHINE.

The flying machine ascended from the Thatcher Cottage at Jersey City, on Wednesday afternoon, as announced, but not with its owner, Capt. Taggart. His first attempt was a failure, as instead of going up, he went down into the canal. Having been rescued from the "perils by water," the machine was once more placed upon the bridge, and another cord fastened to it; but the persons holding on to it, found the ascending power so great, that fearing they might be carried off with it, let go, and the balloon and flying apparatus shot rapidly into the air, leaving Capt. Taggart behind. The assemblage, however, seemed as much pleased as though the Captain had gone up with it, and cheered vehemently. At a late hour last evening, the balloon was seen like a speck in the sky, and apparently bound for Europe.

The flying machine of Capt. J. Taggart, which went up from Jersey City on Wednesday last, without the Captain, has been heard from, and we regret to say is destroyed. The particulars are thus related in the *Suffolk Democrt* (Huntington, Suffolk Co., N. Y.) of Friday.

On Wednesday evening last at about half past six o'clock, a large Balloon with a beautiful Car attached descended near the house of Jonathan Gildersleeve, at Clay Pitts, in this town. The car became entangled in the fence of a lane leading to the dwelling and barn while the balloon gently swayed with the wind above it. When it was first discovered by a son of Mr. Gildersleeve, it occasioned a good deal of surprise, and he called to his aid a brother and his wife, and his mother to assist in securing it. A large opening was made in the balloon to permit the air to escape; but fortunately at this moment one of the ladies approached the balloon with a lighted candle, when the inflamable gas took fire, and a violent explosion immediately followed, knocking down the whole party and burning the two young men severely on the face and hands. The ladies escaped with very slight injuries. The balloon was torn two pieces, and enkindled into a blaze at the same time—and the beautiful car with its machinery greatly damaged.

Consent to common custom but not to common folly.

AGRICULTURAL PRODUCTS OF THE UNITED STATES.

The extended area of the United States, covering as it does some twenty degrees of latitude, and about fifty-five degrees of longitude, all in one compact mass, renders it the most favored nation on the face of the earth, in the variety of its agricultural productions. There is nothing essential to the existence of man, and but few of the luxuries which gratify his palate, which are not raised in the United States. But this is not the only advantage which our people possess in the production of food. In the article of bread-stuffs, the staff of life, a deficiency in the supply of which is productive of so much misery in many countries, so wide in the extent of territory, comprehending so many degrees of latitude and longitude, which is planted, that a famine is an event which is almost placed beyond the bounds of possibility. If the crops fail in one section, the surplus is so great in another that the failure is scarcely felt. Instance the article of wheat, the principal staple of breadstuffs. This grain is raised in every State and Territory in the Union. So also with rye, Indian corn and potatoes. Barley is raised in all the States but Louisiana and Florida. All the Southern States, with the exception of Maryland, as well as one or more of the Western States, produce rice. Every State except Delaware makes sugar. Of the articles necessary for the production of meat, such as hay, oats, &c., every State produces more or less. These facts prove that our nation need be dependent on no other for the necessaries of life, even in the most unfavorable seasons. How much more favored are we in this respect than our great commercial rival—Great Britain! There the whole commercial system is liable to be disarranged by a year of comparative famine, or by the failure of a single crop.

Ohio raises more wheat than any other State; Tennessee raises the most corn; Pennsylvania the most rye and buckwheat; South Carolina the most rice; and New York the most barley, potatoes and hay. The production of wheat has been for many years extending on the West, and contracting on the East. The wheat lands of New York, Pennsylvania, and Maryland are becoming in a measure exhausted, and their yield per acre is much less in proportion than that of the newly cleared and prairie lands of the West. The Western States, indeed, are now, par excellence the wheat growing States of the Union, and it is to them that the future millions must look for the principal means of sustenance. It will be centuries before the United States will teem with a population, which, like that of England, will require all which can be raised from the soil to support life, or before they will be forced to depend upon any other nation for the staple articles of food. Indeed, it may well be doubted whether science will not keep pace with the growth of population, and teach our farmers the proper materials to restore the exhausted fertility of the soil, thus rendering an acre as productive as double the quantity of land as at present cultivated. When we consider the almost countless millions of human beings who will ultimately, at the present ratio of progression, find subsistence within the present limits of the United States, we are lost in the mazes of speculation at the future destiny of our country.

NEWSPAPERS.—A man eats up a pound of sugar, and the pleasure he has enjoyed is ended; but the information he gets from a newspaper is treasured up in his mind, to be used whenever occasion or inclination calls for it. A newspaper is not the wisdom of one man or men; it is the wisdom of the age, of past ages too. A family without a newspaper is half an age behind the time, in general information; besides they never think much nor find much to think about. And there are the little ones growing up in ignorance without a taste for reading.

Besides all these evils there's the wife, who when her work is done, has to set down with her hands in her lap; and nothing to amuse her mind from the toils and cares of the domestic circle. Who, then, would be without a newspaper?

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

MEASURES are in progress to erect a magnificent monument at Madrid, to Christopher Columbus. The preliminary arrangements hint at a colossal statue of twenty feet high and and of groups surrounding it, forming a base of forty feet in circumference. The statue is to be of the finest Florentine bronze, and the pedestal of reddish granite. The lowest estimate of the Columbus monument is £20,000.

GREAT EDIFICE ON LAKE CHAMPLAIN.—The Station House connected with the Ogdensburgh railroad, at Rouses Point, is 500 feet long and 100 feet wide, with a spacious waiting room, and a saloon of 100 feet by 50, for breakfast, dinner and supper. The third story is fitted up as bedrooms for 100 persons. The whole is warmed by hot air furnaces.